

Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[Canibus:]

I'ma iron your clothes
Wit' your body still in 'em
While the background sound
Like a lobby full of women
He sold me a lemon?
I kill 'em
But bring 'em back to me first
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'
Nigga shoulda listened
That stupid ass video you sent 'em
I'ma talk about that in a second
But right now, I'ma tell you
That there will be no intervention
Words that rhyme in a sentence
Are my invention
And please let's not even mention timing
When I'm riding a rhythm
God willing, bodybag beta test
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex
Came on her neck
Mutant X lubricant
I undress the cuckoos breasts
Take it all the way down to 2%
Don't let the Mandalorian
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian
Do that, he coming for all of them

[Born Sun:]

Yo, this a open invitation
Born Sun waitin'
Facemask conversation
Bash his face in
Rata-tat ratchet
Static, never panic
Goons from Nibiru
Scrapping, grappling wooly mammoths
Bad mama jama
DC 'Bama with the hammer
Never showing teeth for the camera
Stamina laminating
CD's in Atlanta
Standing at 5 points
Channelin' the channeler
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula
Crankshaft crank it up
Tote a whole camper
Born Sun'll body you
Wit' ballroom banter
He said if I got cash
I can bang the banker
I'm looking in her eyes
Trying to find a way to thank her
Here's a handkerchief
For your vaginal anger
Cycle pharmacology
Technology and my Wallabees
Ain't nobody even got deets'
Screaming against Socrates
Standing next to chickenhead pottery
'Cause the squares got on top of me
Next year is don release
Everybody getting a lobotomy
I called it balderdash biology
Travis Scott concert
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2
2022 more Born Sun for you

[Bodybag Ben:]

Look, this perseverance, huh
Midnight toasters on your grave, son
Lifting spirits
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons
But shit be like that when you illin'
Blood on his shelltoes
Can't play the villain
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers
Shift the land like a shepherd
Bear the fruit
Taste the nectar, huh
His arm hanging off the stretcher
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel
In the Bone Collector
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due
Wave mags to
Run jewels in the Air Max 2
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack
Child, all he do is party and bullshit
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die
Nah, I ain't think so
It's either friend or foe
Without warning to kicking in the door
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin
Now his bodies squirting
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'
Rock homes that's full of Durban
Leave homes in ya turban, Body